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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE EAST INDIES.

[We have this week rather an overwhelming influx of works on India, which, like the visitation of Indian cholera, has thrown us into the first stage, with consternation of countenance and prostration of strength. In this state of disorder we cannot do much at present; but if we survive the collapse, next week, the first of a new quarter, we shall do our duty by these, as well as other, novelties.]

We have, indeed, a number of important publications before us for notice—publications which do credit to the literature of the country; but as these require more elaborate examination than volumes, however meritorious, of a lighter or temporary character, our readers must afford us the necessary time for their careful investigation: since, inadequately brief as our Reviews must, in many instances, be in comparison with the just extent of quotation, and value of the authors, we can truly give the assurance that our opinions are neither formed on light grounds, nor hazarded without ample inquiry.]

1. *Lieut.-Col. Tod's Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han.* Vol. II.; with Plates. 4to. pp. 791. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Calkin and Budd.
 2. *Mythology of the Hindus, &c. &c.* By C. Coleman, Esq. 4to. pp. 401. London, Parbury, Allen, and Co.
 3. *Observations on the Law, Constitution, and Government of India.* By Lieut.-Col. Galway. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 512. Parbury, Allen, and Co.
 4. *History of the Seven Churches of Asia, &c. &c.* By the Rev. T. Milner, A.M. 8vo. pp. 388. London, Holdsworth and Ball; Derby, Richardson; Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co., W. Oliphant; Dublin, Tims; and Cork, Bleakley.
 5. *British Relations with India. Part I. Comparative Statement of the English and American Trade at India and Canton.* 8vo. pp. 148. Parbury and Co.
 6. *The Foreign Trade of China divested of Monopoly, Restriction, and Hazard, by Means of Insular Stations.* 8vo. pp. 110. London, E. Wilson.
 7. *Memoirs of the Early Operations of the Burmese War, &c.* By Lieut. H. Lister Maw, R.N. 8vo. pp. 106. Smith, Elder, and Co.
- HAVING thus indicated 1192 quarto and 1154 octavo pages connected with eastern subjects, independently of the other numerous calls upon our attention, we trust we have made out a sufficient case for a mere general notice of these works. If any one should deny this, we would only ask that party, what the utmost literary labour is? and if the question cannot be fairly answered, we will supply the answer, viz. that it is the having more to do than can be done! We will, however, do as much as we can.

Of the general merits and the splendid embellishment of Col. Tod's work, we spoke in the terms merited by both, on the issue of his first volume, for which we have to refer to the *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 666 and 663, Aug. 15, and Oct. 3, 1829; and we concluded our re-

marks by recommending it on the ground of "its intrinsic excellence, as one of the most curious publications regarding India which had ever appeared in England." Pursuing the same valuable and brilliant course in his second and concluding volume, the gallant Colonel, after a very handsome and well-expressed dedication to the King, explores the annals of Marwar, and lays before us the history of that once powerful, and still most interesting Rajpoot people. To this succeeds a like analysis of the annals of the Bikanér State (descendants of the Scythic Jits or Getes);—of the Jessulmér Rajpoots called Bhattis, and of an Indo-Scythic origin;—of the Rajpoots of Ambér, or Dhondar;—an account of the Shékawut federation; and a sketch of the Indian desert. The annals of Háravati are next traced; and the whole is concluded by a personal narrative, of about two hundred pages, and extremely interesting.

It may readily be conceived no extracts for which we might find room, even through many Nos., could convey a sufficient idea of a volume of this magnitude; we cannot literally go beyond the sample brick. If the author has been obliged to confess that his great performance must be viewed as "*Non historia, sed particula historie*" (Pref. p. x.), we may surely ask our review of it to be considered as very limited *particula* of these *particula*. At present, indeed, it must be but a small bit of the brick. Speaking of voluntary martyrs, the Colonel relates:

"We have seen one of these objects, self-condemned never to lie down during forty years, and there remained but three to complete the term. He had travelled much, was intelligent and learned, but, far from having contracted the moroseness of the recluse, there was a benignity of mien and a suavity and simplicity of manner in him, quite enchanting. He talked of his penance with no vain-glory, and of its approaching term without any sensation. The resting position of this Druid (*vana-perist*) was by means of a rope suspended from the bough of a tree, in the manner of a swing, having a cross-bar, on which he reclined. The first years of this penance, he says, were dreadfully painful; swollen limbs affected him to that degree, that he expected death; but this impression had long since worn off. 'Even in this, is there much vanity;' and it would be a nice point to determine whether the homage of man, or the approbation of the Divinity, most sustains the energies under such appalling discipline."

The Saints are as astonishing. "Would the reader wish to have an instance of these miracles? After their usual manifold ablutions, and wringing the moisture of their *dhoti*, or garment, they would fling it into the air, where it remained suspended over their head, as a protection against the sun's rays. On the loss of their power, these saints became tillers of the ground."

In the early annals of Ambér we find the following narrative:—

"A family, which traces its lineage from

Rama of Koshula, Nala of Nishida, and Dhola the lover of Maroni, may be allowed 'the boast of heraldry;' and in remembrance of this descent, the Cushites of India celebrate with great solemnity 'the annual feast of the sun,' on which occasion a stately car, called the chariot of the sun (*Surya rat'ha*), drawn by eight horses, is brought from the temple, and the descendant of Ramésa, ascending therein, perambulates his capital. A case of simple usurpation originated the Cuchwaha state of Ambér; but it would be contrary to precedent if this event were untinted with romance. As the episode, while it does not violate probability, illustrates the condition of the aboriginal tribes, we do not exclude the tradition. On the death of Sora Sing, prince of Nurwar, his brother usurped the government, depriving the infant, Dhola Raé, of his inheritance. His mother, clothing herself in mean apparel, put the infant in a basket, which she placed on her head, and travelled westward until she reached the town of Khogong (within five miles of the modern Jeipoor), then inhabited by the Meenas. Distressed with hunger and fatigue, she had placed her precious burden on the ground, and was plucking some wild berries, when she observed a hooded serpent rearing its form over the basket. She uttered a shriek, which attracted an itinerant Brahmin, who told her to be under no alarm, but rather to rejoice at this certain indication of future greatness in the boy. But the emaciated parent of the founder of Ambér replied, 'What may be in fatuity I heed not, while I am sinking with hunger;' on which the Brahmin put her in the way to Khogong, where he said her necessities would be relieved. Taking up the basket, she reached the town, which is encircled by hills, and accosting a female, who happened to be a slave of the Meena chieftain, begged any menial employment for food. By direction of the Meena Rani, she was entertained with the slaves. One day she was ordered to prepare dinner, of which Ralunsi, the Meena Raja, partook, and found it so superior to his usual fare, that he sent for the cook, who related her story. As soon as the Meena chief discovered the rank of the illustrious fugitive, he adopted her as his sister, and Dhola Raé as his nephew. When the boy had attained the age of Rajpoot manhood (fourteen), he was sent to Dehli, with the tribute of Khogong, to attend instead of the Meena. The young Cuchwaha remained there five years, when he conceived the idea of usurping his benefactor's authority. Having consulted the Meena *d'hadi*, or bard, as to the best means of executing his plan, he recommended him to take advantage of the festival of the *Dévali*, when it is customary to perform the ablutions *en masse*, in a tank. Having brought a few of his Rajpoot brethren from Dehli, he accomplished his object, filling the reservoirs in which the Meenas bathed with their dead bodies. The treacherous bard did not escape; Dhola Raé put him to death with his own hand, observing, 'he who had proved unfaithful to one master could not be trusted by ano-

ther.' He then took possession of Khogong. Soon after, he repaired to Deosah, a castle and district ruled by an independent chief of the Birgojur tribe of Rajpoots, whose daughter he demanded in marriage. 'How can this be,' said the Birgojur, 'when we are both Suryavanshi, and one hundred generations have not yet separated us?' But being convinced that the necessary number of descents had intervened, the nuptials took place; and as the Birgojur had no male issue, he resigned his power to his son-in-law. With the additional means thus at his disposal, Dhola determined to subjugate the Séroh tribe of Meenas, whose chief, Rao Natto, dwelt at Mauch. Again he was victorious; and deeming his new conquest better adapted for a residence than Khogong, he transferred his infant government thither, changing the name of Mauch, in honour of his great ancestor, to Ramguri. Dhola subsequently married the daughter of the prince of Ajmér, whose name was Maroni. Returning on one occasion with her from visiting the shrine of Jumwáhi Mátá, the whole force of the Meenas of that region assembled, to the number of eleven thousand, to oppose his passage through their country. Dhola gave them battle; but after slaying vast numbers of his foes, he was himself killed, and his followers fled. Maroni escaped, and bore a posthumous child, who was named Kaakul, and who conquered the country of Dhoondar."

This is a fair though short specimen of the work; and with a characteristic extract from the personal journal (A.D. 1820) we must close the book:—

"February 2.—An accident has compelled another halt at Morwun. The morning was clear and frosty, not a cloud in the sky, and we rose with the sun; my kinsman, Captain Waugh, to try his Arab at a *milge*, and myself to bag a few of the large rock-pigeons which are numerous about Morwun. My friend, after a hard run, had drawn blood from the elk, and was on the point of spearing him effectually just as he attained a thick part of the jungle, which not heeding, horse and rider came in contact with a tree, and were dashed with violence to the ground. There he lay insensible, and was brought home on a *charpae*, or cot, by the villagers, much bruised, but fortunately with no broken bones. A leech was not to be had in any of the adjacent villages; and the patient complaining chiefly of the hip-bone, we could only apply emollients and recommend repose. I returned with no game, except one or two black partridges and batten-quail. The rock-pigeon, or *bur-tesstur*, though unaccustomed to the fowler, were too wild for me to get a shot at them. The bird bears no analogy to the pigeon, but has all the rich game plumage of the *tesstur*, or partridge, in which name the ornithologist of the west will see the origin of *tetrao*. There are two species of this bird in India, one much smaller than the common partridge; that of which I speak is much larger, and with the peculiarity of being feathered at the toe. I have since discovered it to be the counterpart of a bird in the museum at Chambéry, called *barteldi des Alpes*; the ptarmigan of the highlands of Scotland. The male has exactly these redundant white feathers; while that I saw in Savoy was a richly-plumaged female *bur-tesstur*. Our annual supply of good things having reached us this morning, we were enjoying a bottle of some delicious Burgundy and 'La Rose' after dinner, when we were roused by violent screams in the direction of the village. We were all up in an instant, and several men directed to

the spot. Our speculations on the cause were soon set at rest by the appearance of two *hircarras* (messengers), and a lad with a vessel of milk on his head. For this daily supply they had gone several miles, and had nearly reached the camp, when, having outwalked the boy, they were alarmed by his vociferations, 'Oh, uncle, let go, let go—I am your child, uncle—let me go!' They thought the boy mad, and it being very dark, cursed his uncle, and desired him to make haste; but the same wild exclamations continuing, they ran back, and found a huge tiger hanging to his tattered cold-weather doublet. The *hircarras* attacked the beast most manfully with their javelin-headed sticks, and adding their screams to his, soon brought the whole village, men, women, and children, armed with all sorts of missiles, to the rescue; and it was their discordant yells that made us exchange our good fare for the jungles of Morwun. The 'lord of the black rock,' for such is the designation of the tiger, was one of the most ancient *dourgeois* of Morwun: his freehold is Kálá-páhar, between this and Mugurwar, and his reign for a long series of years has been unmolested, notwithstanding his numerous acts of aggression on his bovine subjects: indeed, only two nights before, he was disturbed gorging on a buffalo belonging to a poor oilman of Morwun. Whether this tiger was an incarnation of one of the Mori lords of Morwun, tradition does not say; but neither gun, bow, nor spear, had ever been raised against him. In return for this forbearance, it is said he never preyed upon man, or if he seized one, would, upon being entreated with the endearing epithet of *mamoo*, or uncle, let go his hold; and this accounted for the little ragged urchin using a phrase which almost prevented the *hircarras* returning to his rescue."

"Murlah, Jan. 8th: seven miles.—Crossed two ridges running northward to Bhadaisair. The intervening valleys, as usual, fertile, with numerous villages, but alienated to the southern Goths or the partisan Pat'han. Passed many large townships, formerly in the fief of Méwar, as Baree, Binotah, Bumboree, &c. In the distance, saw 'the umbrella of the earth,' the far-famed Cheetore. Murlah is an excellent township, inhabited by a community of Charunis, of the tribe Cucholeah, who are Bunjarris (earriers) by profession, though poets by birth. The alliance is a curious one, and would appear incongruous, were not gain the object generally in both cases. It was the sanctity of their office which converted our *bardais* into *bunjarris*, for their persons being sacred, the immunity extended likewise to their goods, and saved them from all imposts; so that in process of time they became the free-traders of Rajpootana. I was highly gratified with the reception I received from the community, which collectively advanced to me at some distance from the town. The procession was headed by the village band, and all the fair Charunis, who, as they approached, gracefully waved their scarfs over me, until I was fairly made captive by the *muses* of Murlah! It was a novel and interesting scene: the many persons of the Charunis, clad in the flowing white robe, with the high loose folded turban inclined on one side, from which the *mala*, or chaplet, was gracefully suspended; the *naiques*, or leaders, with their massive necklaces of gold, with the image of the *pirineur* (manes) depending therefrom, gave the whole an air of opulence and dignity. The females were uniformly attired in a skirt of dark-brown camlet, having a bodice of light-coloured stuff, with gold ornaments worked into

their fine black hair; and all had the favourite *chooris*, or rings of *hái-dánt* (elephant's tooth), covering the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, and even above it. Never was there a nobler subject for the painter in any age or country; it was one which Salvador Rosa would have seized: full of picturesque contrasts; the rich dark tints of the female attire harmonising with the white garments of their husbands; but it was the mien, the expression, the gestures, denoting that though they paid homage, they expected a full measure in return. And they had it; for if ever there was a group which bespoke respect for the natural dignity of man and his consort, it was the Charun community of Murlah. It was not until the afternoon, when the *naiques* again came to see me at my camp, that I learned the full value of my escape from the silken bonds of the fair Charunis. This community had enjoyed for five hundred years the privilege of making prisoner any Rana of Méwar who may pass through Murlah, and keeping him in bondage until he gives them a *gote*, or entertainment; and their chains are neither galling, nor the period of captivity, being thus in the hands of the *captivated*, very long. The patriarch told me that I was in jeopardy, as the Rana's representative; but not knowing how I might have relished the joke, had it been carried to its conclusion, they let me escape, though they lost a feast by it. But I told them I was too much delighted with old customs not to keep up this; and immediately sent money to the ladies with my respects, and a request that they would hold their *gote* (feast). The patriarch, and his subordinate *naiques* and their sons, remained with me to discourse on the olden time."

2. Of Mr. Coleman's volume we can only say that the first portion of it appears to be the fruit of great and well-directed research. Its information touching Hindu mythology is of the most authentic, and, in many points, novel description; and the engravings, about forty in number, admirably illustrate the subject. Here, as in Col. Tod's work, we trace the connexion between eastern and northern antiquities of the earliest ages; and whether in science, in learning, in the arts, in customs and manners, in rites and religion,—we find that we approach closely to the common origin of mankind. The second part is not so original, but valuable as a context; and, on the whole, Mr. Coleman has added a contribution of sterling worth to our oriental literature.

3. Col. Galloway's book was first published, anonymously, we think, in 1825, when it attracted, as it deserved, considerable attention. It is now republished with his name, and important additions. A man of sound sense, speaking with the experience of thirty years in India, with opportunities for extensive observation, on his head, ought to be listened to with particular regard at this crisis of Indian government. Without going into details, we must express our thanks to the author for the intelligence we have received from his pages, and earnestly call upon all those concerned in the present discussion of the charter of the E. I. Company, and also the public in general, to give to his counsels the consideration they demand. Both our vast eastern empire and our native Britain may thence reap much benefit, their wants be foreseen, and their welfare be provided for and promoted.

4. Mr. Milner's octavo is extremely interesting; its object to prove, from the accounts of travellers respecting the Asian churches and the remains of antiquity, the truth of the Apocalypse and authenticity of sacred prophe-

cies. The inquiry is ably conducted, and the work so replete with historical illustrations as to entertain as much as it instructs.

Of 5, 6, and 7, we have only room to say that the 5th contains much valuable commercial data in support of the writer's opinions as a parliamentary reformer and an advocate for the E. I. Company's privileges as regards China, and at the same time a *real* reciprocity in trade:

—6, on the same subject, has a very unsatisfactory preface, as far as a reason is assigned for withholding what the writer deems to be important views—but the pamphlet itself is clever: it is almost in direct opposition to the foregoing; and we think, if the writer can devise a scheme of foreign trade, or any other, without "hazard," he will be the Pet of our merchants:

—7. A letter originally addressed to, and published in, the *United Service Journal*, has been enlarged by Lieut. Maw into this memoir, in which justice is done to the exertions of the naval service in the Burmese war, accompanied by some curious particulars of the contest and country. We select an anecdote or two, after the taking of Rangoon.

"As the seamen were driving the Burmans towards the jungle, one of the latter, who, from his arms, was probably a chief, was chased by an Irishman belonging to the Liffey's launch, armed with a boarding-pike. The Burman, seeing only one man near him, turned to fight, and raised his double-handed sword for the purpose of cutting down his opponent: the Irishman, however, fancying there was room on the sword-handle for more hands than the chief's, seized that part of it which projected towards him with his left hand, and run the Burman through the body by his right. About the same time, some other 'blue-jackets,' finding that the principal part of the fighting was over, caught two horses which happened to be in the stockade, and mounted, to 'have the benefit' of a ride, the horses being, in their opinion, prize property."

Bibliophobia. Remarks on the present languid and depressed State of Literature and the Book Trade: in a Letter addressed to the Author of the Bibliomania. By Mercurius Rusticus. With Notes by Cato Parrus. 8vo. pp. 102. London, 1832. Bohn.

We have no doubt but that this volume is the production of a very near and dear relative of Dr. Dibdin, "on whose vagary style, in the way of bibliomania, we, even in our early days, lifted up our voice and laughed. We gather from this tome that the Folly is dead, or in its mortal throes; and it can hardly be necessary for us to expedite its inevitable hour. It was a splendid absurdity, founded on the noblest and most enlightened of human pursuits, and only rendered ridiculous by excess and drivelling enthusiasm. In this stage of the disease all that was worth the attention of a man and a scholar was utterly lost sight of; and all that was extrinsic, valueless, and nonsensical, was exalted into primary importance. Rarity (not to be disregarded in its way) was made the test of literary excellence; and while living merit was neglected, and ancient treasures unexplored, the fancy of a fly-leaf, or a misprinted page, enriched speculators, who, probably enough, invented the one, and forged the other. To rescue from oblivion, to save, and preserve curious works of olden times—works which exhibit the Giant Printing in his earliest cradle efforts—works which embody the intel-

lect and imagination of obscure and bygone ages, is one of the finest pursuits upon which wealth and intellect can engage; but beyond this, the rhapsodies about tall volumes, uncut leaves, wretched broadsides, bindings, blocks, tooling, &c. &c. &c. are worse than silly—they are injurious to the higher and better interests of literature.

The reign of this mania is therefore, we rejoice to see, over; though we would by no means be pleased with a bibliophobia to supersede it. But there is reason in roasting eggs. An extravagant and exaggerated whim must produce a reaction; but that reaction does not imply a disregard of what was really good in the preceding crisis. We may love books and ancient lore still, though we are not inclined to give two or three thousand pounds for a unique copy, merely to boast of as a curiosity in our library. We may be ready and willing to go to great expense in order to complete a series of authors upon any given subject, though we might not choose to pay the rent of a farm for two or three mutilated leaves, worth nothing in their origin, illustrating nothing, and only facetiously pranked up, because no similar trash of the period had escaped destruction. The grand error of the bibliomaniacs was their putting a far greater price on useless accident than on useful knowledge; and the arrow of satire was more severely barbed against them in consequence of the wild and crazy terms employed by Dr. Dibdin (speaking in their own familiar tongue) in his publications when describing their pursuits—terms ill befitting rational and learned objects, where the language of passion, love, and adoration, was lavished on crackling Elzevirs, large paper copies, and vellum Spiras or Plantins!

"Oh! sir, (says aut Diabolus aut Dibdin in the volume before us), oh! sir, what language can express the surprise of both auctioneer and company when the *Monastery*, the first article in the sale, produced only the sum of 18*l.* 18*s.* 14*d.* Where were ye, ye pains-taking, fiddle-faddling, indefatigable collectors of Franks—ye threaders of autographic scraps—ye alburnites, 'et hoc genus omne?'—where were ye 'in that hour?' One would have thought that the original drafts of those master-pieces of human wit, eloquence, and passion—struck off by the great *known unknown*—would have attracted crowds of competitors within the arena of Mr. Evans's auction-room; that scarcely breathing-space, much less standing-room, would have been afforded; and that Scotland herself would have furnished champions to carry off the richer prizes at the point of the claymore! I own that I was bewildered with the scene before me. I was, indeed, sorrow-stricken."

Now, this is a proof, though not one of the strongest, of the justice of our observations. A composition from a master hand, whose fame will descend to succeeding generations, and the careful touches, the alterations, and the corrections of the author, is a study of no common value; but mighty as the magic name of Walter Scott is, his mere hasty manuscripts, polished, so far, by his printers, and having nothing to distinguish them favourably from his printed publications, do not, in our opinion,

† The lots, with their respective prices, were as follow:—1. The *Monastery*, perfect, 18*l.* 18*s.* 14*d.*—2. *Guy Mannering*, wanting a leaf at the end of vol. 2, 27*l.* 10*s.*—3. *Old Mortality*, perfect, 33*l.*—4. The *Antiquary*, perfect, 42*l.*—5. *Rob Roy*, perfect, 50*l.*—6. *Feveril of the Peak*, perfect, 42*l.*—7. *Waverley*, imperfect, 18*l.*—8. The *Abbot*, imperfect, 14*l.*—9. *Ivanhoe*, imperfect, 12*l.*—10. The *Pirate*, imperfect, 12*l.*—11. *Fortunes of Nigel*, imperfect, 16*l.*—12. *Kenilworth*, imperfect, 17*l.*—13. *Bride of Lammermoor*, only 61 pages, 14*l.* 14*s.*

furnish cause for the lament over the degeneracy of bibliomania. As curiosities, in better days they would probably have obtained higher prices. But they fell on a dull time.

"The proprietors of the MSS. were offered, by the trustees of the Advocates' Library, 1000*l.* for the whole. This offer was not thought sufficiently liberal; and the proprietors stood out for another thousand. This contre-projet was not listened to for a moment: and the hammer of Mr. Evans was, in consequence, to decide the matter irrevocably. The MSS. came to town; and the result of the entire sale of those that were put up was as is above stated. We know there are such things as 'outstanding one's market.' The general impression was, at the outset, that they would average 50*l.* a lot."

The author visits all the booksellers' shops in London, and finds every where complaints of the want of demand for books, &c. &c.—the two big evils of 1831–2, reform and cholera, absorbing every thing. We give a specimen of his style, which, certes, finds no sympathy in our breasts.

"From Mr. Bohn's it was little more than a hop, step, and a jump, to Mr. Thorpe's. I found that redoubted bibliopolist recumbent upon his sofa—embedded in his books—nothing daunted at the penury of present, compared with former, prices—still concocting catalogues, with a zeal and celerity quite unparalleled—anxious for their distribution—a manuscript here, a *Giunta* there—Aldines, the Gryphii—broadside ballads, and dainty devices—a 'groat's worth of wit,' with the 'Seven Sorrowful Sobs of a Sinner'—Grolier, Maioli, and De Thou copies:—a grove of sapling duodecimos—a forest of towering folios! Our discourse turned chiefly upon the late sales, and particularly upon that of the Waverley MSS.—of which I have before 'poured my plaint in your ear.' 'Would that I had purchased them all!' exclaimed the animated bibliopolist. 'Yes, sir, all. They would have quitted my shelves within a week of the purchase.' But in other matters:—tell me, do the 'Dear Fifteeners' wag their tails, as if about to take a prosperous flight? 'Alas, sir, (replied my informant,) they seem, on the contrary, to be tied down by the stiffest birdline that ever was manufactured. There stand my early Jeroms, and Austins, and Lactantiuses. There slumber my Jensen and Spira Latin Classics. No nimble-footed, liberal-hearted * * * as of old, to visit my retired boudoir, and to tempt me with a 'fell swoop!' Every thing lingers: every thing stands stock-still. The dust on yonder set of *Acta Sanctorum* will soon produce me a good crop of carrots—from the seed sown there about two years ago. Literature is perishing. The country is undone.' Here the post entered with a letter from a great Etonian collector, to know if the *vellum Aldus* had arrived? Mr. Thorpe's eyes sparkled—for an instant only. There was no chance of its arrival. And if it did, ought it not to go to Spencer House, or to Cleveland Square? 'Le bon tems viendra,' quoth I to my worthy informant—and some three hundred steps brought me to Mr. Ackermann's. I found that ever-green veteran with a mind as active as heretofore. His forthcoming *Forget-me-not*—the parent of that numerous offspring of annuals, which seem very much disposed to run riot, and to rebel against that parent—was just then preparing to put on its gilded wings to fly abroad; together with its younger sister, the *Juvenile Forget-me-not*. Mr. Ackermann's prints, his pictures, his *matériel* for drawing and painting, his publications of

* In this light the puns so frequent at the bottom of the page are *infra die*. Cato Parrus, whose name is appended to them, looks little.

fashion and taste, were displayed, on all sides, as radiant as the banners in St. George's chapel. His activity of mind—his courtesy of demeanour—his thorough *germane* bonhomie—were as conspicuous and pleasant as ever. Still, 'things were horribly flat. No money was stirring. The young ladies had slackened in enthusiasm. The roses and lilies and lilacs were shedding their lustre and perfumes in vain. Parents drew in their purse-strings tighter than ever. The reform had frightened away every thing. The foreign market was glutted to the very throat.'

Again: of Mr. Russer, sen., at Windsor.

"A few hundred yards brought me within that library which, in the happy days of bibliomania—some fifteen years ago—I had entered with greater glee of heart than at present. Wherefore was it so? The books were the same. The bindings were the same. The former had not grown either taller or shorter: the latter had obtained still greater beauty of tone, by the course of time—in an atmosphere not reachable by a London fog. But my dejection continued—in spite of the urbane upbraidings of 'mine host.' 'What care I,' quoth he, 'for the capriciousness of public taste? Shall my first folio Aldine Demosthenes and Rhetores be less coveted—less embraced—than heretofore?"

'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,'

shall be, to me, my Elzevir and Olivet Ciceros! Nor let old Scapula and Facciolati droop their towering heads—and shew me the man who shall dare to undervalue my large paper Barnes's Euripides, West's Pindar, and Potter's Lycophron! Will any creature, short of a confirmed idiot, presume to 'write me down an ass,' because I have over, and over again tossed up my head at the pitiful offer of threescore and ten sovereigns for my large paper *Greenville Homer*? Perish all these dear delights!—perish their owner with them!—sooner than he shall lend a helping hand to the dissemination of that hydra-disease—*bibliophobia*! Welcome typhus—welcome scarlatina—welcome even cholera! Pitch your tents, and mark out your victims as ye please. Number me among them, if it be your good pleasure; but let me die—hugging my Homer! My friend here became momentarily breathless. His action had been 'suited to the word':—and he sunk exhausted upon the soft wadding of a chintz arm-chair. I hurra'd him as he fell!"

Somebody couples Bedlam and Parnassus; may we not unite a private asylum and this book trade? But the result is too melancholy; for the fate of insane collectors (excepting, of course, the very high and wealthy individuals who had a prescriptive right to indulge their fancies) has been severe.

"Death (says the author) hath swept away Leontes, Baroccio, Sempronius, Archimedes, Meliadus, and Palermo. They were six brave book-warriors in their day; men who at sundry sales which need not now be named, used to

Flame in the front, or thunder in the rear!

They are now at rest, their libraries all dispersed, their symposia at an end!"

"Under these names were designated the late James Bindley, Esq., John Dent, Esq., Roger Wilbraham, Esq., John Rennie, Esq., Robert Lang, Esq., and John North, Esq. Their libraries were all sold by auction."

Oh, moral of a tale of human folly! The brave book-warriors, the butterfly hunters, the flaming and thundering triflers of their day, whose lives were engrossed in the eagerness of an empty pursuit. They spent their precious

time and accumulated their fleeting store—they are gone, and the objects of their toil and struggles are dispersed, who cares where? They bought books not to read, they procured intelligence not to learn; besides the amount which might have bestowed blessings on thousands, they wasted the most precious of all commodities, in acquiring, what? collections of odds and ends, to be sold again with the auctioneer's hammer upon their coffins. Pab, as Hamlet says, "the offence is rank!"

But leaving this never-to-be-revived rage to the fate we predicted for it in our Review of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, and heartily wishing it a rich and prosperous course within the bounds of taste and reason, we will quote a preferable example of our author. Speaking of the *Annals*, he says:

"I am at war with the *Annals*, because they are so very beautiful, and, like beauties of almost every description, are so likely to be seductive. Will they not—may they not—in the long-run, be ruinous to the best interests of the genuine school of engraving? Some of the cleverest artists in the kingdom are engaged in them—engaged, not merely to plough the copper, but in an expectancy of a certain share of profit arising from the sale. * * * Much as I admire graphic art, in almost every way, and regularly as I present my family each year with the two works mentioned in the text, I must yet throw out the suspicion, introduced at the opening of this note,—will not these *Annals* injure the 'genuine school of engraving'? Messrs. Raimbach, and Burnet and Pye, and Robinson, do not desert that path, which, in due time, will lead them to rival the *John Hunter*, or the *Doctors of the Church*, by the illustrious Sharpe. On a great scale of engraving, the continent beats us: but the French are absolutely stark mad about our graphic bijouterie.

"The real parent of the *Annals* is the *Buchandler* of the Germans, a duodecimo, printed not very beautifully upon paper of a second-rate quality. The engravings are the chief attractions."

To conclude: there is much in this volume unintelligible except to a particular set of people; for whom, indeed, it seems to be principally concocted. One passage is specially addressed to an individual, and an amusing example of the writer.

"I took (he tells us) my departure for the newly established repository of Mr. Henry Bohn, who, to his credit be it spoken, a long time allowed his vellum *Sforziada* to divide his affections with his newly espoused bride. Mr. Bohn was as downcast as some of his neighbours; attributing the paralysis in books to the agitation of the question of reform in parliament; and adding, most justly, that 'now, or never, was the moment to make extensive and judicious purchases. Considering his short career as a trader on his own bottom, he was thankful for the support he had received, and was perhaps as well off as those about him; but it could not be denied that there was, at times, sore sighing from the bottom of the heart.'"

Upon this dubious text we dare offer no remark: we trust that Mr. Bohn's newly-espoused bride won't read it or see the *Gazette*. If she does, we can only hope she will pardon the *Sforziada*, and considering her husband's short career as a trader on his own bottom, also forgive him. Let her remember that he expressed himself thankful for the support he had received, considered himself, perhaps, as well off as those about him; and, at any

rate, since what is done cannot be undone, that she is not only flesh of his flesh, but Bohn of his Bohn.

An Inquiry into the Remote Cause of Cholera. 8vo. pp. 57. Edinburgh, 1832, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera. By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 2d edit. pp. 72. Edinburgh, 1832, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

The Pestilential Cholera Unmasked, &c. By John V. Thompson, F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 64. Cork, 1832; London, Renshaw and Rush.

A Letter to the Lord President of the Council, on the best Means of Preventing the Extension of the Pestilential Disease, &c. By W. Hunt, Esq. pp. 22. London, 1832. For the Author.

A Letter to the London Board of Health, &c. By Thomas Brown, Medical Practitioner, Musselburgh. London, 1832. Cadell.

Lecture on Cholera, &c. By Sir A. Carlisle. London, 1832. B. Steill.

Dysentery Serosa, or Convulsive Nervous Cholera of Hindostan. By Philanthropos. London, 1832. Douglas.

A Letter to the President of the Westminster Medical Society on Cholera. By John Webster, M.D., &c. London, 1832. Thistleton.

WHEN the many thinking and observing minds which are to be met with, writing upon a new and formidable disease in common with arrogant and dogmatic quacks, have got tired of facts told over again, with variety of expression for their only novelty, it is probable that we shall have a few good essays on the pathology, the characters, or the remote causes of the pestilential cholera. As a first attempt of this kind, we perused with interest and goodwill the pamphlet which heads our present notice, and should have been inclined to speak well of it, as the production of a person evidently *un-informed* upon any one branch of the physical sciences, had not the author, in a spirit which truly belongs to the metaphysical school of North Britain, asserted that medical men are not qualified for similar researches, and that some "seem unacquainted with the principles by which truth, whether moral or physical, must be investigated;" and again, "unless they (the medical men) combine with their professional knowledge more severe and correct habits of reasoning and induction than they sometimes exhibit, our information will continue to be defective and unsatisfactory." It is not our wish to defend the profession against such calumnies, for their defence will best consist in ascertaining what new light the author has thrown upon a subject, who begins and concludes by deprecating all who have gone before him: but we could say, that, by education, or by habit of thought, entailed by the constant investigation of cause and effect, as large a number of truly logical minds will be found in the medical profession as in any other class of men. And to retort courteously upon the intruder,—Is he not aware that the exact observation of nature is the only means of attaining true knowledge? and that logic can never effect any good, where a thorough acquaintance with facts is neglected?

The author's object is, to prove that the pestilential cholera is an animate creation, and that these animals of disease and death are generated in water. The larvæ create the disease by being introduced into the stomach, where they act upon the nervous system like many other poisons; and that when all these larvæ, or grubs, have become perfect insects,

they fly away to other places to lay their eggs and distribute the pestilence around them. The animate theory of contagion is not new; it has been noticed by many authors, and it is one to which we are inclined to give much faith; but, without pretending to any severity of logic, we have a right to demand at least the accuracy of science in the development given to so plausible a theory. The first fact brought forward in support of this hypothesis is, the one great line of direction apparently followed by the disease; a fact which has been made subservient to many other suggestions, but which has little foundation in nature, when we investigate the details. The second fact is, that many insects are known to attach themselves to rivers and waters, depositing their eggs where the larvæ are generated; that their numbers and variety are infinite; and that many of those with which we are acquainted are capable of existing in the extremes of heat or cold. The entomological and the pathological parts of this inquiry stand in the relation of cause and effect, and consequently from certain laws which the cholera appears to have followed in its distribution, the author logically considers himself entitled to draw certain inferences; but we suspect that all naturalists and medical men whom he may consult, will tell him, that when a writer gives to certain physical effects a demonstrable cause, it is incumbent that he should investigate its existence by experiment or observation, and not assume it on an *a priori* argument, afterwards only partially supported by facts. We need hardly inform our readers that the author has not seen the insect or its larvæ; that insects do not inhabit salt water, in the vicinity of which the disease has made its appearance; that the malady is stated to have existed in sandy dry deserts; that it is not in the history of the existence of any species of the invertebral kingdom to traverse all continents and all climates, or to propagate its species so often in the course of the same year, or under such different circumstances. It is not proved that all persons attacked with cholera have drunk of similar waters, while it must be pretty certain that many must have partaken of them from the same source without having the disease. How came the malady on leaving Sunderland, to go to Houghton, instead of Durham, which is on the same river? How did the flies traverse the air to Hawick rather than, nestling in the Tweed, have infected Berwick, Kelso, and Melrose? or what is the character of the Haddington brook, or the Esk at Musselburgh, that they should be the centres of infection? Our writer, we at once assert, independently of want of elementary scientific information, has not even sufficiently comprehensive judgment to grapple with his subject; and, inclined as we are to lean towards a theory of animate contagion, we must allow that it has found a very poor advocate in the author of the present inquiry.

Mr. Moir's Practical Observations will be extensively read. They are the result of his experience in the small town of Musselburgh, where, in the course of three weeks, the deaths from cholera alone exceeded the average annual mortality of the parish. There are many practical remarks which deserve to be well considered by the profession, as they differ somewhat from received principles. Blood-letting in the collapsed stage, he says, is a most destructive expedient, and only hastens the catastrophe. Has not he made a rule of an exception? Solid opium (as a stimulant) is

his great remedy for this stage: it may, he says, be exhibited with brandy; and he states it as the result of the experience of most northern practitioners, that the re-action is not in proportion to the stimuli employed, but in proportion to the collapse; which is a very important proposition. He objects to mustard, and to the permission sometimes given to drink water; but recommends grateful stimulants throughout, with hot external applications.

We are somewhat surprised that a gentleman of Mr. Thompson's abilities as a zoologist, should have condescended to the *ad captandum* title which is given to his work. His theory, like that of Mr. Searle's, is, that the mis-called cholera is a malignant pestilential fever, in which the cold stage is so formidable as to restrain the power of re-action so completely as to terminate the life of the patient when no means are used to obviate its fatal tendency. The work, in other respects, is very far behind the knowledge which has been obtained of the disease from the practical researches of our countrymen.

Mr. W. Hunt's Letter to the Lord President of the Council is written in that most curious of all dialects, the pure Cockney. It contains, in addition, many observations of the greatest *naïveté* possible, and advice so remarkable for profound sagacity, that we are sure it will meet with its deserts at the office to which this wise epistle is addressed!

Dr. Brown ushered in his Letter to the public with puffs direct and oblique; and on perusal we must certainly give him credit for candour, even if there is a deficiency in new or important remarks. "When, in 1824, I published my opinions concerning cholera, in connexion with its production by summer and autumnal heat, &c. I was then, &c." Omitting the hypotheses the Dr. then held as truths, we find at the next page, "but as the present disease differs in some material points from the cholera referable to heat, the omission of those arguments is not very material." The necessity of cancelling a publication written previous to having seen the malady, should be a lesson to those afflicted with the scribbling mania on this eternal subject. The Doctor says, when we consider the prodigious mass of every thing that can be supposed to afford scope for the pestilential influence of this disease in London, we must conclude that it cannot possibly pass over such a large mass of corruption, without displaying its contagious powers to the greatest extent. The remainder of the pamphlet displays much good sense in the author, and it is in every respect worthy of attention.

Sir A. Carlisle evidently knows nothing about cholera that should entitle him to call upon the pockets or the time of the public. His Lecture is, however, well written; contains some remarks on medical reform, with which we heartily concur; and farther, includes observations that we would hardly have expected from an examiner of the College of Surgeons.

The pamphlet on *Dysentery Serosa* (a title of which we do not approve, as the morbid action in the gastro-enteric mucous membrane which induces asphyxia, is accompanied by no symptoms of dysentery), is one of the best theoretical works we have had in our hands for some time. There is a curious difference in the opinions of the author and Dr. Brown. "All facts," says the former, "adduced, tend to shew that the whole class of nerves are primarily affected; and if the electric principle of animal heat is interrupted in its passage

to or from the brain, or abstracted by some attractive quality of the earth, producing the disease, the shock to those nerves must be apparently inevitable." Dr. Brown says, "The state of the human body particularly predisposed to this afflicting disease, may not unaptly be compared to an electric body very negatively charged; and nothing is wanting for the production of the disease but the application of an exciting cause, on the nature of which the particular kind of disease produced depends." In this country cholera is decidedly a disease of debility, as evidenced now by several months' experience, and consequently the last opinion would force itself upon the mind. In India, where Philanthropos saw the disease, the reverse was the case; and in continuation of our notice of his little work, we must warn the general reader against his descriptions, which far surpass any thing that a malady, daily becoming more tractable in the hands of the skilful, has ever attained, in severity of symptoms or rapidity of dissolution, in this country.

We turn now to a more serious consideration — *A Letter to the President of the Westminster Medical Society*, — not that by being addressed to that Institution the latter identifies itself with the views entertained by the author; but that many of the most influential persons in that society, and most of its office-bearers, have by public acts connected themselves with the history of the opposition offered to truth by the science of this great metropolis. And we are happy to leave the thrice-contradictory reports of speeches, and the wavering letters of chameleon-like authors, to peruse opinions which come in the tangible form of a pamphlet. We at once aver, that in a practical point of view, if we have a new disease among us, it matters not (however important to history) whether it came from India or Greenland. The measures to be pursued, and the practice of medical men, are the same; and to prove that there is no new disease, or no disease which has assumed new properties, such as spreading under slow but certain laws in districts where it has made its appearance, and proving rapidly fatal to those who become the victims of its influence, it is necessary to subvert the experience of the last five months in this country, and of fourteen years abroad. Certain members of the Westminster Medical Society, without attempting this Augean task, even resolved, without almost any inquiry into the real circumstances of the case, to deny that either the pestilential cholera or any uncommon disease had manifested itself in this city; and they have, not only to their professional brethren, but before the public at large, placed themselves in so unenviable and so humiliating a situation, that we have no hesitation in saying it will require not efforts on their parts, but the most stubborn admiration of a noble and disinterested promulgation of error and misrepresentation, ever to induce any one brow, iridescent with the purity of truth and science, to illuminate their obscure and overshadowed walls. "If," says Dr. Webster, "this epidemic is not really a new disease, it must be an aggravated and more fatal type of that cholera morbus so admirably described by Sydenham," &c. What more is necessary to be quoted? According to our author, it is a more aggravated and fatal type than any disease yet known in this country; and if there is any faith in human testimony, it is, according to *all* (Dr. Johnson was not in India subsequently to 1807), the same malady as that which prevailed in Hindostan.

Dr. Süwenhagen, now in London, has personally assured us of perfect identity between the diseases of Moscow, of St. Petersburg, of Berlin, of Musselburgh, and of London; and, lastly, the malady, be it what it will, has assumed an epidemic or a pestilential character, imperiously requiring the attention of a paternal government, and a humane and civilised community; which indications have, we are proud to say, been fulfilled on both sides, though the deluded poor abuse their benefactors, and a few medical men have endeavoured to fan the flames of discord, by the publication of opinions which only derive their pernicious effect from their not being understood. To return to Dr. Webster's pamphlet. *A blue face* is neither a new nor a correct pathognomic sign of the malady in question. Again, from the proposition made by the Doctor, that medical men acquainted with the diseases of the poor, and not such as have had experience in the present complaint, should hold official situations, we entirely dissent. According to his own statements, if it is a disease of the poor, it has come with new characters; and it is best to have those who are acquainted with these new characters to watch over and control its progress: and as for the mere wish to examine whether the disease is really unknown in England, we seriously think that the Doctor and his party would get more information upon the subject, by visiting a few of the cases at the district hospitals, than by scribbling to prove that there is any thing in the subject that can be quibbled about, or held up as a matter of doubt. The tone of Dr. Webster's letter is mild and gentlemanlike; and however much we may differ in opinion, we hope to exercise the same temper and courtesy towards him, and that he will feel the force of our positions, and the necessity of at once correcting the bad example which he, among others, is setting to so numerous a portion of the community; for in the end truth must prevail, and desolation, "overgrown with nettles," will remain for those who have scorned her evidences.

Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Critical Poem. By Nicholas Michell, author of "the Siege of Constantinople." 12mo. pp. 150. London, 1832. Kidd.

WEDNESDAY, the most spring-looking day we have had this year, the streets, the parks, the spectacles (few as there are), were all more gaily enlivened with well-dressed and pleasant people than they have been on this side of Christmas. The sun not only shone, but was visible to the majority of the inhabitants of our vast metropolis; the air had an agreeable mixture of balminess with its perennial smoke; off the stones one might have fancied the redolent approach of the "ethereal mildness," and on them there was less of mud, or mud's alias—dust, than is common at almost any season of the year in town. The passengers passing to and fro, or meeting, were infected by the propitious aspect of external things; and friendly as well as polite recognitions were current on every hand. In sober sadness, there seemed to be a considerable quantity of happiness in the world.

In the midst of this so unusual and comfortable condition of affairs, it may well be believed that our spirit partook of the universal feeling; in fact, we were a perfect conglomeration of sympathy, philanthropy, and kindness; and we said to W.E., lucky is the author who may now have the good fortune to come before our most merciful tribunal! That luck pertains to Mr. Nicholas Michell, of the *Siege of Constanti-*

nople; for his case was the first we took up from the waiting multitude of volumes, whose destiny still hangs dependent upon the doom we have to pronounce. And, all about us being lively, what could be more appropriate for reading than a production all about the living poets and poetesses—the poets and poetesses all alive, and all shewn up by Mr. Nicholas, the showman. Of his own merits or demerits we remembered nothing; for the *Siege of Constantinople* was a blank upon our memory; but if it be yet a living poem, we beg to refer the public to it, as a key, peradventure, to the present performance, though, should it be dead and buried (as we strangely fear it is) the key will be more applicable to unlock the secret chamber. It is a very remarkable circumstance in the natural history of literature, that still-born authors make the noisiest of critics; and that d— souls, whether in prose or verse, always turn out to be the only true and competent judges of literary talent. Thus it has happened that our friend Nicholas is doubly qualified for the task he has undertaken.

Yet we are sorry to say that his performance is not altogether original. There was a certain Lord Byron, who wrote a certain book called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. His lordship was a persecuted bard, but he trimmed his persecutors: Mr. Michell is a bard with whom nobody has meddled; but he has determined to out-Byron Byron in his great revenge! It is delightful to meet with so illustrious a person, bent on so immortal a design.

We had gotten thus far in the way of encomium, when we thought we might just as well take a peep into the work; and a change came o'er our dream (we choose to quote incorrectly). We laid Mr. Michell down—he is extraordinarily dull, we said; and we took up a more amusing fellow, whose remarks do smack of point, though they are a little provoking in some instances to parties concerned. We opened Prince Puckler at random, and read:—

"I next went to see the solar microscope, the magnifying power of which is a million. What it shews is really enough to drive a man of lively imagination mad. Nothing can be more horrible—no more frightful devilish figures could possibly be invented—than the hideous, disgusting water animalcule (invisible to the naked eye, or even to glasses of an inferior power) which we daily swallow. They looked like damned souls darting about their filthy pool with the rapidity of lightning, while every motion and gesture seemed to bespeak deadly hate, horrid torture, warfare, and death."

Immediately an odd jumble of ideas took possession of our minds: the animalcule Master Nicholas—the animalcule of the periodical press, whose criticism or non-criticism had exasperated his pen—and the animalcule so wondrously exhibited by Mr. Carpenter's microscopic apparatus in Regent Street, and so vividly described by Prince Puckler;—all began to float about in the aqueous vacuum of our *pia mater*. At length they classed and arranged themselves, and we perceived the similitude between the species,—we found that the creatures of the microscope were simply disappointed authors and (when not identical) periodical reviewers and critics in low journals and magazines struggling about in the sphere of their muddy drop.

The breathing world and grateful scene without was not for them—they were only things to be "daily swallowed," without mankind noticing their hideous forms, or caring for their disgusting contests. The infinitely small

monsters preyed upon one another; but hyena, hyrcanian tiger, cobra di capella, or viper, could not be more fierce or venomous. It is really worth going to see this emblem of the scurrilous and malignant press; the representation is perfection. Here you observe the 900th part of a mite aping all the powers of a gigantic destroyer; spitting a miserable eel, as if it were a poet, on its forked tongue; gorging a polypus, like a historian, and ejecting its skin; and especially endeavouring to devour its own kind, full grown or spawn, in the most striking and fearful manner, with "every motion and gesture bespeaking deadly hate and horrid torture." By all means visit Mr. Carpenter's Critical and Literary Exhibition: the sun, like truth, throws a prodigious light upon the subjects; and when you fully understand it, you may read . . . and . . . Mags Sunday, weekly, daily, without the slightest injury to yourself, or bad effect upon the public.

But where is Master Nicholas all this while?—he has just been passed through, a crawfish-looking devil, with sharp claws, and become in turn as egregious a reptile as the rest; lo! how he wriggles and frisks—how he tries to bite—how he navigates the immense water-drop, as if it were the multitudinous ocean—how he darts out his tiny fork, and dismays the universe! How thankful must he be to us, who have made ourselves his solar system, and by our notice so magnified him with "a power which is a million," that, though hitherto "invisible to the naked eye, or even to glasses of an inferior power," he may now be seen and known to exist.

Yet it is hardly worth while to bestow even a passing notice on his silly volume. How he could consider himself a poet, it is difficult, how he could fancy himself a wit, it is impossible, to imagine. He has a brother, a solicitor at Ilfracombe, to whom he inscribes his laborious pages. Then comes a preface, wherein, referring to himself, he modestly tells us: "Pope's *Dunciad* is distinguished for arch wit, and the powerful, though kindly, castigation of its victims." He next insinuates a similar comparison between Mr. Nicholas Michell and Mr. William Gifford, the author of the *Baviad* and *Meviad*, and also between the same self-satisfied and accomplished individual and Lord Byron, as aforesaid. These, he informs us, are "the three great literary satires" which have preceded his own—worth all the three: "vain pretension (quoth he) and concombry, too much of which unhappily exists. I have done my best to treat as they deserve." That he has not stated his intention according to the rules of grammar, is of little consequence; verbs in the singular and plural nominatives are but specks in composition. Ingenuously, however, doth he add: "I am conscious of the difficult nature of my theme; that opinions amongst men widely vary: I am also aware that I have produced no great but a little satire. This is the age of effrontery." True for you, as the Irish phrase has it; and he lamentably concludes—"This is the age of effrontery, puffing, and coterie influence; parties combine to echo reciprocal praises; and by these means many gain a transient renown, to which even they are unentitled."

Having in this elegant prose opened his battery, he proceeds to shew that he can write quite as ill in verse. Speaking of Campbell, we have a droll example of Master Nicholas's notions of the topography of the great ma-

manufacturing, loom-crammed, mercantile, busy, bustling, crowded city of Glasgow.

"Glasgow, his birth-place, oft 'mid neighbouring dells.
When heath-flowers scented morning's balmy air,
And evening brought the sound of sheep-fold bells,
He passed his joyous moments; melted there"

In troth, he was more likely to melt near a steam-engine furnace than to hear sheep-bells, as the west country drovers never take their muttons with bells on them either up the High Street or down the Tolbooth to the butchers' to be slaughtered; and these are the only sheep ever seen in, since it must be so, the "heath-flowers scented" alleys of the queen of the west. Of Campbell himself we are farther informed—

"His soul grew harmony, and first the lyre,
I ween, he swept, all warm with Genius' fire."

This was at the time of his melting; but, anon—

"For genuine pearls his songs, too, cannot pass;
But his War Odes are noble to the letter,
And, oh! his Hope—we've scarce a poem better."

He has, however, a redeeming quality—

"All in-novation in our tongue he spurns."

But our author, martyr to beauty, lets out the full tide and flow of his *genius*, where he sings of the fair blues who illumine our horizon with a brilliant (blue) light.

"When Beauty quits her toilet for the page,
And letters more than conquests are esteemed—
When rank eschews the follies of the age,
Virtuous where vice too oft is merited deemed,
And sees no charm in titles or in court tom—
We must admire—no turn to Mrs. Norton.
Oh, scion worthy of great Sheridan!
Whose name is Erin's honour and our own,
How beautiful life's happy spring began—
How early rose her rose of genius blown!
Memory of him, the wreaths which he had won,
Warm'd into life her talents, like a sun."

N.B. "At nineteen she married the Hon. Mr. Norton. *She is considered handsome.*" Only "considered!" why, Master Nicholas, the fact needs no consideration whatsoever. But assuredly, Master Nicholas, his ignorance is vehement through these wearisome pages.

"Who wanders down green Ettrick's bosky vale,
Now Kenning high Closeburn, now Thirlstane—
Ghost-haunted tower, which turns the peasant pale—
Now pricking on his lazy kine amain,
And blithely singing, till comb, burn, and bog,
Ring wi' his lustie lay?—'tis youthful Hogg."

Genius is a fine thing: but what Mr. Nicholas means by a "comb," small-toothed or other, ringing with Hogg's lustie lay, beats us hollow. We have a faint recollection of putting bits of paper over combs, in our boyish age, and by blowing or breathing through this simple instrument, discoursing a reedy and bag-pipeish music; but we never heard of youthful Hogg being celebrated in this style. *Mais*—but, as the French say, a man who could make a bog ring, like a bittern (or bull-o'-the-bog—vide our Ornithology, when it shall be published, and beat Jesse out of the hedge as well as field), is able to ring a treble bob-major—by himself.

By this here time we may venture to suppose that our readers have had enough of Master Nicholas. At page 27 he confesseth he "cannot bite;" and yet pretendeth he to indite pungent satire! He is, in verity, a weak and a ridiculous writer;—his little vanity as an author hurt, he must run a-muck—and such a muck he has made of it! a litter of nonsense and rubbish, without a fertilising particle (no matter whence derived) in the whole compost. Of satire the most innocuous, of information the most bald, of talent the most guiltless, he has only raised a printed memorial upon which, to use the concluding line of his second and unhappily not concluding part, he may hang during his hour of execution, and

"Suffer on the gallows of his rhymes."

As for dissection, neither amusement nor knowledge could be derived from it; therefore let him be buried in his rags:—verdict, *felo de se*."

Altrive Tales. By the Ettrick Shepherd. The first Vol. containing Memoirs of the Author—Reminiscences of former Days—and Three Tales. London, 1832. Cochran and Co.

THIS is the first of the twelve volumes announced in the prospectus of the Waverley-shaped edition of a selection from the Shepherd's works, with new and original productions from his pen.

Having left London for his native Altrive last Saturday, we are happy so soon to have this legacy to introduce to our readers, and especially to those who have enjoyed his society while here amongst us, and who, missing the amusement of it, may, in some measure, compensate themselves by the perusal of these very entertaining pages. In them they will find the same frankness and *bonhomie*, the same shrewdness and quiet humour, which recommended their author to the attentions of the first nobles, and highest literary characters of the land; and who shewed how well he merited those attentions by never overstepping the proper bounds imposed by self-respect, and conducting himself with so much discretion and tact, as to make the most favourable impression upon every class who met him. It has been our good fortune to see him with high peers and courtly dames; and with pleasure we waft this testimony to his countrymen in the north, that they have as much cause to be proud of the sense and modesty of their Shepherd, as of his talent and genius.

We have but short time (for it reached us far too late) to do more than glance hastily over this volume.

A portrait of the author (not very like), and a comic scene for one of the tales, by Cruikshank, are its embellishments. A poetical dedication to Lady Anne Scott, of Buccleuch, is honourable to the heart of the writer, and contains several passages of fine natural thought and poetical beauty.

The sketch is of his *literary* life, and gives the story of all his bookselling and publishing affairs relating to the thirty volumes which he has sent to the press. There is great *naïveté* in this history; and as a number of individuals are mentioned (some with praise, and others with censure), we fancy it will create what is called a sensation in the public. Hogg's early efforts to become an author are as interesting as they are romantic. Even so late as 1810, after failing in a farming speculation, he says—

"Finding myself at length fairly run aground, I gave my creditors all that I had, or rather suffered them to take it, and came off and left them. I never asked any settlement, which would not have been refused me; and severely have I smarted for that neglect since. None of these matters had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate. On returning again to Ettrick Forest, I found the countenances of all my friends altered; and even those whom I had loved, and trusted most, disowned me, and told me so to my face; but I laughed at and despised those persons, resolving to shew them, by and by, that they were in the wrong. Having appeared as a poet, and a speculative farmer besides, no one would now employ me as a

"Will the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* be so good as to place under his List of New Books—Second edition of Mitchell's 'Living Poets and Poetesses?'"—Note just received.

shepherd. I even applied to some of my old masters, but they refused me, and for a whole winter I found myself without employment, and without money, in my native country; therefore, in February 1810, in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing; and this suited me very ill."

We ought to notice previously to this, however, that he enjoyed a few months of schooling at the age of seven and ten; that he was born in 1772, January 25, also Burns's birth-day; that he began to write rhymes in 1796, the year in which Burns died; that his first published song was "Donald McDonald," composed in 1800; and that he had published a volume of poems, with no great care, and no remarkable success.

But the opening of the memoir is so exceedingly characteristic of the man, that we must revert to it.

"I like (says he) to write about myself; in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes any thing but that; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not; for this important memoir, now to be brought forward for the fourth time, at different periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all, relating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out."

We copy two or three other pieces, in the same anecdotal vein, though, we own, very little in order. In his eighteenth year, the Shepherd read the life of Wallace and the Gentle Shepherd; but he tells us—

"The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me; so that, before I got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one; and if I came to a triplet—a thing of which I had no conception—I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them. Thus, after I got through both works, I found myself much in the same predicament with the man of Eskdalemuir, who had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour. On returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. 'I dinna ken, man,' replied he; 'I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!'"

In Edinburgh, his first exploit was to set up a weekly paper called the *Spy*, which lasted a whole year.

"A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the

price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They shewed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis: 'So they are,' said he; 'I take nothing for the delivery; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.' This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making since my arrival in Edinburgh in February."

He next became an orator at the Forum; and about this time negotiated the disposal of a MS. poem to Mr. Constable. "I went to him (he relates) and told him my plan of publication; but he received me coldly, and told me to call again." I did so—when he said he would do nothing until he had seen the MS. I refused to give it, saying, 'What skill have you about the merits of a book?' 'It may be so, Hogg,' said he; 'but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one, too, by G—!'"

Of this production, the *Queen's Wake*, he afterwards speaks thus:—"My own opinion of it is, that it is a very imperfect and unequal production; and if it were not for three of the ballads, which are rather of a redeeming quality, some of the rest are little better than trash. But, somehow or other, the plan proved extremely happy; and though it was contrived solely for the purpose of stringing my miscellaneous ballads into a regular poem, happened to have a good effect, from keeping always up a double interest, both in the incidents of each tale, and in the success of the singer in the contest for the prize harp. The intermediate poetry between the ballads is all likewise middling good."

Respecting the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, the narrative is equally racy.

"It was in vain that Mr. Blackwood urged that it was a work of genius, however faulty, and that it would be an honour for any book-seller to have his name to it. Mr. Murray had been informed, by those on whose judgment he could rely, that it was the most wretched poem that ever was written. Mr. Blackwood felt a delicacy in telling me this, and got a few friends to inform me of it in as delicate a way as possible. I could not, however, conceal my feelings, and maintained that the poem was a good one. Mr. Grieve checked me, by saying it was impossible that I could be a better judge than both the literary people of Scotland and England—that they could have no interest in condemning the poem; and after what had happened, it was vain to augur any good of it. I said it would be long ere any of those persons who had condemned it could write one like it; and I was obliged to please myself with this fancy, and put up with the affront."

As another trait of our worthy Shepherd, we will quote his first acquaintance with the drinking of whisky-toddy, in the mixing of which he has since become so great a master as almost to have driven champagne and claret from the most fashionable tables he frequented during his *Lion-days* in London.

The *Spy* was doomed.

"On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal over-

sight for the paper; for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this—

'Gaping devils! who cares what they say? If I leave one time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that.' My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet, when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it. Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing, he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that they never would do; and that, instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson, and, sorely against his will, gave the printing to the Messrs. Aikman."

Match our Shepherd now, for the brewing or the drinking either; and we will pay the forfeit of a whole hoghead.

Our selections must belong to the personals. Mr. Jeffery, it seems, did not review the *Queen's Wake* till it had reached a third edition.

"He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr. Tenant, the author of *Anster Fair*, and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there was not one point of resemblance. Tenant being a better-educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr. Jeffery has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honour at the long-run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connexion, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance against another. In the heart-burnings of party spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together."

The following, of a later date, is curious:—

"My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I either applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others; all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wordsworth afterwards reclaimed his; and although Lord Byron and Rogers both promised, neither of them ever performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment interfered. In one of Lord

Byron's letters, he told me he was busy inditing a poem for me, and assured me that 'he would appear in my work in his best breeks.' That poem was 'Lara,' and who it was that influenced him to detain it from me, I do not know. I have heard a report of one; but the deed was so ungenerous, I cannot believe it. I may here mention, by way of advertising, that I have lost all Lord Byron's letters to me, on which I put a very high value; and which I know to have been stolen from me by some one or other of my tourist visitors, for I was so proud of these letters, that I would always be shewing them to every body. It was exceedingly unkind, particularly as they never can be of use to any other person, for they have been so often and so eagerly read by many of my friends, that any single sentence out of any one of them could easily be detected. I had five letters of his of two sheets each, and one of three. They were indeed queer *harumscarum letters*, about women and poetry, mountains and authors, and blue-stockings; and what he sat down to write about was generally put in the postscript. They were all, however, extremely kind, save one, which was rather a satirical, bitter letter. I had been quizzing him about his approaching marriage, and assuring him that he was going to get himself into a confounded scrape. I wished she might prove both a good *mill* and a *bank* to him; but I much doubted they would not be such as he was calculating on. I think he felt that I was using too much freedom with him. The last letter that I received from him was shortly after the birth of his daughter Ada. In it he breathed the most tender affection both for the mother and child. Good Heaven! how I was astounded by the news that soon followed that!—Peace be to his manes! He was a great man; and I do not think that one on earth appreciated his gigantic genius so highly as I did. He sent me, previous to that period, all his poems as they were printed. But to return to my publication: Mr. Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him in all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since."

His reconciliation with Scott is very honourable to the latter.

We have not space to go through the progress of Mr. Hogg's publications in prose and verse, his dosing in the Chaldee MSS., or his contributions to Blackwood's Magazine; but conclude with some further illustrations as they come to hand. Every body wants to know about honest Ebony. List to the Shepherd.

"I have had many dealings with that gentleman, and have been often obliged to him, and yet I think he has been as much obliged to me, perhaps a good deal more, and I really believe in my heart that he is as much disposed to be friendly to me as to any man; but there is another principle that circumscribes that feeling in all men, and into very narrow limits in

some. It is always painful to part with one who has been a benefactor even on a small scale, but there are some things that no independent heart can bear. The great fault of Blackwood is, that he regards no man's temper or disposition; but the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt, he likes the better. Besides, he will never once confess that he is in the wrong, else any thing might be forgiven; no, no, the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not only always in the wrong, but, "Oh, he is the most insufferable beast!"

Southey.—A visit to the lakes:

"I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass, was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

"Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out."

His pictures of Wordsworth, Cunningham, Galt, Scott (the Odontist of Blackwood), and Sym, the Timothy Tickler, we must leave, and finish with a touch of Lockhart.

"When (says Hogg) it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackmoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation; but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat. A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackmoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only one black servant, but that when the mas-

ter gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him."

When he wished to ascertain who the writers in the magazine were, Lockhart was wont to bamboozle him sadly.

"With his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that was in it, except one."

Need we add that there is an ample fund of entertainment here? The only very objectionable passage we have to censure, is an allusion to Mr. Owen Rees, in which the Shepherd is terribly mistaken.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 1. Edinburgh, Tait; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Cumming, Dublin.

WITH a portrait of the Lord Chancellor on its cover, as a sign, our new contemporary has put in his first blow. We have never liked to pronounce a judgment upon our fellow-labourers in the periodical vineyard (or desert, as it has been, and is, to many); and shall not now transgress our wholesome restraint farther than to say, that the contents of this No. 1. are chiefly political—whiggish, inclining to radicalism; and even the miscellaneous papers, such as "the State of Magic in Egypt," are strongly imbued with party feelings. "The Pechler" is a clever, natural, and characteristic sketch; the bits of poetry but so-so; and the "Tête-à-tête with Mr. Tait," "Ane Crouse Craw," &c. too much in the style of rodomontade, which has, not to its advantage, too much infected Scots literature, and which can neither be imitated in England or Scotland without greater failure and dislike.

Waverley Novels, XXXV.; Redgauntlet, Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

THE frontispiece, by A. Fraser, and engraved by J. Mitchell, is worthy to be classed among the best illustrations of this series; and the vignette is truly charming. The design of the fisher surrendering his rod to "the sneering scoundrel" is exquisitely imagined by Inskipp, and transferred to the plate with equal spirit by R. Graves.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

PROFESSOR RITCHIE having given, in a former lecture, the experimental proofs of his theory of the galvanic battery, proceeded, on the present occasion, to illustrate by experiment his investigations on the conduction of voltaic electricity by different bodies, and the temperature and other peculiarities exhibited by water and metallic solutions when employed for this purpose. He conceived that the phenomena of electro-magnetism and voltaic electricity might be accounted for, without the consideration of

circulations or currents, merely by supposition of electrical polarity possessed by the molecules of the conducting bodies. He proved, by experiment, that all the different conductors hitherto tried by him gave the same electro-magnetic result when transmitting the same quantity of voltaic electricity, and deflected the magnetic needle in an equal degree when their respective axes of conduction were at the same distance from it. Water contained in a glass cylinder of any diameter, being made the conductor in a galvanic apparatus, was found to produce the same deflection of a needle as wire employed under similar circumstances; and when charcoal or water was made the conductor, rotation round the pole of a magnet was found to result in the same manner as when wire, originally used by Mr. Faraday when he first made this celebrated experiment, was employed. The most interesting of these experiments of Professor Ritchie, was that in which the rotation of water alone was effected, while the vessel itself remained fixed. The water was contained in a hollow double cylinder of glass, and on being made the conductor of the voltaic electricity, was observed, by means of a floating vane, to revolve in a regular vortex, changing its direction as the poles of the battery were alternately reversed. When pure water, in a vessel with three compartments, was made the conductor, the temperature was found to be higher in the positive than in the negative end, and considerably higher than either in the middle compartment. With metallic solutions, the contrary was ascertained to take place, the temperature depending upon the specific heats as disengaged at respective poles.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart., president, in the chair.—The second meeting for the season was numerously attended, not only by the most eminent members of the medical profession, but also by many learned and distinguished visitors. Dr. F. Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper, communicated by Dr. Latham, "on the use of opium in fever." The author stated, that there are certain forms of fever in which the affection of the sensorium greatly outruns and is wholly disproportionate to that of the blood-vessels. He described these forms of attack with considerable minuteness, and stated that they are incident, not so much to the sound and vigorous as to those whose nervous systems have been impaired and shattered by their previous life, whether passed in the strife of politics, amidst the anxieties of mercantile gambling, or under the wear and tear of hard professional toil; but to the same condition, also, the lowest and meanest of mankind may be brought by their cares, and hardships, and privations—and there is no cause which produces this state so frequently as intemperance. The author particularly recommended that the nature of each person's disease should be considered with a reference to his previous habits and state of health. The form of fever which he described is distinguished by wakefulness, and sometimes by delirium; which symptoms can only, he thinks, be subdued by opium; but opiates must be administered in much smaller doses than would be necessary if the patient were suffering from the same symptoms, and not affected with fever. In these cases he thinks that life may often be saved by the dexterous use of opium, when it would be lost inevitably without it.

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

In giving an account of Cav. Nobili's experiments on this important subject in our last, we regret that, not having the whole details before us, we were inadvertently led to do a great injustice to our own most ingenious and able countryman Mr. Faraday, who in this, as in many other philosophical and scientific inquiries of the greatest public interest, has taken the lead, and made those discoveries which reflect an honour upon him and upon his country. Without detracting from Cav. Nobili's successful diligence, we may state, out of his own paper, that he attributes his experiments to having seen a copy of a letter of Mr. Faraday to Paris, (which letter he translates into Italian and candidly inserts,) and that it was in following his example that he also had obtained the spark with the magnet. Indeed, he, throughout, compliments Mr. Faraday in the highest terms. The whole experiments are, therefore, truly our countryman's, and their repetition in France and Italy are but tributes to his merit in having struck upon so curious a line of investigation, and, in their results, the confirmation of his remarkable discovery. We are only sorry that any partial mistake of ours should tend to confuse this point, as we are always anxious, no matter to whom the palm may belong, to be guided by the motto, *qui meruit ferat*.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

19^h 14^m 36^s—the Sun enters Taurus.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Gemini	7	13	40
☾ Full Moon in Virgo	14	16	0
☾ Last Quarter in Capricornus	22	16	12
☾ New Moon in Aries	30	3	40

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Places	1	18	26
Saturn in Leo	11	occultation.	
Uranus in Capricornus	23	22	0
Mars in Capricornus	25	0	30
Jupiter in Aquarius	29	10	14
Venus in Places	29	7	50
Mercury in Aries	30	15	30

Occultation of Saturn. — 11^h — immersion 3^h 26^m; emergence 4^h 9^m. The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emergence.



The occultation will occur during the day, but may be observed with good telescopes.

2^d — Mercury in perihelion. 14^h — greatest elongation (19° 50') as an evening star. 24^h — stationary near ♈ Aries.

3^d 11^h — Venus, the morning star, in conjunction with Jupiter: difference in declination 19'. 4^h — with ♊ Aquarii: difference of latitude 15'. 9^h — aphelion.

3^d — Mars in conjunction with ♐ Capricorn: difference of latitude 7'. 25^h — with ♈ Aquarii: difference of latitude 11'.

The Asteroids. — 1st — Vesta in the constellation Cancer; Juno about 1° north of ♊ Leonis; Pallas 3° west of ♋ Piscium; Ceres 21° north-east of ♋ Ceti.

5^d 8^h — Jupiter in conjunction with ♊ Aquarii: difference of latitude 4'. 24^h — with ♈ Mayer: difference of latitude 6'. This planet is too near the Sun for the eclipses of his satellites to be visible.

Saturn continues a conspicuous object during the night, at the south-eastern angle of a quadrilateral figure formed with Regulus, γ and δ Leonis.

6^d 11^h — Uranus in conjunction with Mars: difference in declination 38'.

Depford.

J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

GEORGE RENNIE, Esq., in the chair. — "On an equality of long period in the motions of the Earth and Venus;" by G. B. Airy, Esq., Plumian Professor, Cambridge. Professor Airy, on revising, in the year 1827, at the request of the Board of Longitude, the elements of Delambre's Solar Tables, discovered an inequality of 240 years in the earth's motion in longitude, in consequence of the action of the planet Venus. The present memoir contains a revision and extension of the author's calculations relating to this inequality. In the first part he investigates the perturbation of the earth's longitude and radius vector; in the second, the perturbation of the earth in latitude; and in the third, those perturbations of Venus which depend upon the same arguments. This memoir of Professor Airy is, we believe, the most laborious investigation yet made in the planetary theory; the labour of the calculation of the terms being twenty times greater than that for the long inequality of Saturn. And when we state, that it has received from him a greater degree of attention than any of his former works, in consequence of the great complexity and length of the numerical calculations, and the necessity he was under of examining closely and accurately every single line of figures before proceeding to the next, and also from the circumstance of his going twice over the calculations with the substitution of different values in each case—we may consider it as one of the most valuable, as well as elaborate of his investigations. The resulting terms given by Professor Airy will be very sensible in all observations, but especially those for Venus near her inferior conjunction, and will be important in calculating the transit of Venus over the sun's disc. At this meeting of the Society a very able report on this memoir, drawn up by Mr. Lubbock and Professor Whewell, was read. They remarked, that the only similar investigation to which this of Professor Airy could be compared was the celebrated memoir of Laplace on the Theory of Jupiter and Saturn, contained in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences for 1785 and 1786; and they regarded it as the first step made by an Englishman since the time of Dr. Halley towards the improvement of the elements of the solar tables, both from its numerical processes and from the detection of an inequality so small in amount and of such long period.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair. — The auditors' report of the treasurer's accounts for the last year was read. Mr. Jordan exhibited a drawing and impression of a seal found in a field near Winchester: it was a stamp for woollen cloths for the town of Southampton, and apparently of about the time of Edward III. Mr. Hudson Gurney communicated a copy of the proclamation issued by Henry VIII. on his divorce from

Queen Catherine, and his marriage with Ann Bullen, preserved at Norwich. A communication from Mr. Repton was read, containing some further historical observations on hats; and extracts from several old authors, as an appendix to his former essay on the same subject. Mr. Crofton Croker communicated, from a collection of papers lately received from Ireland relative to the Roche family, two documents; one dated in 1596, being a release of dower from Catherine Blake, who, it appears, had cohabited with James Roche, alias Mac Henry, as his wife, and, as such, had claimed an interest in his estates after his death; the other was a memorandum, dated in 1623, of James Roche, alias Mac Henry (son of the former), having paid a ring of gold in discharge of a mortgage. It appears that rings of gold, in the nature of ingots, passed current; and Sir William Betham mentions one of 36 ounces weight. Mr. Porter exhibited a deed of conveyance, curious as containing a warranty against Jews, as well as Christians: it was without date, but was presumed to be prior to Edward I.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

[Second Notice.]

No. 87. *A Couple of Pets*. R. T. Lonsdale. Animal life and still life, so skillfully brought together and finished, that we are really at a loss which to prefer. The purchaser who takes both, will certainly have a bargain in a very beautiful picture.

No. 115. *The Baptism*. G. Harvey, S.A. — One of those varied and interesting scenes of devotion which occur in the wilds of Scotland, where no vestige of temple or church appears, and where nature's God is acknowledged in the midst of nature's works. The subject is taken from "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and answers well to the quotation.

No. 116. *Lime-Kiln Cottage*. T. J. Judkin. — There is a charm in simplicity which is felt by every lover of the picturesque. This charm has been happily caught by the artist.

No. 131. *Burnham Beeches; Noon*. J. W. Allen. — An admirable lightness and warmth pervade Mr. Allen's works. The effect in them, although perfectly true, is not brought about by any violent opposition of tone or colour. They represent what we may perhaps be allowed to call the holiday aspect of landscape scenery.

No. 151. *Caution*. James Inskipp. — One of this artist's natural characters; a peasant girl crossing a brook. Although in every respect a highly creditable work of art, we will take the liberty of giving Mr. Inskipp a "caution;" viz. not to repeat himself, or rather his manner, too often.

No. 189. *The Affecting Story*. D. Passmore. — Mr. Passmore is rapidly advancing in the line of his studies, namely, subjects from familiar life. The lightness, transparency, and beauty of his colouring equal any thing in the way of contemporary art.

No. 296. *Interior of a Gaming-House*. H. Pidding. — Rather the Pandemonium of life. That such things can be—that rank and fashion of both sexes, possessed by the demon of avarice, should thus mingle with sharpers and strumpets, to prey and to be preyed upon—may well excite our wonder as well as our regret. It is, however, no less the province of the arts than that of the drama, "to hold the mirror up to nature—to shew vice her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age

and body of time his form and pressure;" and in doing so, Mr. Pidding has performed his task in a manner highly creditable to his talents.

No. 492. *Lucy Ashton, at the Marmalade's Fountain, waiting the return of the Master of Ravenswood.* T. Duncan.—Not recollecting to have seen any of his former productions, we may be allowed, as in the case of the first appearance of the lamented Bonington's works, to ask, who is T. Duncan? and, as in the same case, to express our surprise and admiration at so able a performance, uniting as it does the highest qualities of art in expression, execution, and effect.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery, No. XXXVI
Fisher, Son, and Co.

AN admirable portrait of Lord Holland, by H. Robinson, after Leslie, an artist of the highest eminence, from whom the engraving of any portrait is indeed a novelty of value; and this not the less as the likeness of so distinguished a man, of whom we have no existing memorial of the same kind since the days of his youth—is the first embellishment of the present Part. Another fine engraving of the late Lord Chief Baron Dundas, by Woolnoth, after Raeburn; and an excellent resemblance of Mr. Croker, by T. H. Parry, from Lawrence's delightful picture, make up the attractive trio of which it consists. We are really afraid to say what we think of this production as a work of art; for three such plates for three times the cost of the publication would, in our esteem, be a gratifying acquisition. Of the biographical sketches we shall only state, that those of Lord Holland and Mr. Croker are entirely original, and contain many interesting particulars of two eminently public characters. The internal evidence of their having been sought at authentic sources is quite sufficient for their credit; and we feel satisfied that in referring our readers to them, we shall be thanked for the sincerity of our recommendation and the pleasure to which it has led. We may, perhaps, cite two or three striking passages in a future *Gazette*.

Burns and Hogg.

PROFILES of these celebrated men, executed by Mr. John Field, have just been laid before us; the one from a recent sitting, and the other from an original outline in black, taken many years ago by the late Mr. Miers when in Edinburgh. They are very cleverly done; that of Hogg a striking likeness, and such as to induce us to give the same credit to the portrait of his greater countryman. As productions in this style of art, they place Mr. Field at the head of his profession as a profilist, and we are not surprised to learn that he acquired this skill by nearly thirty years' practice, (from 1794 to 1821,) as the assistant of Mr. Miers, whose name vouched for many thousand likenesses completed by his coadjutor, and, previously, by Mr. Barber Beaumont. After some copartnership with Mr. Miers's son, which has ended in separation, Mr. Field comes forward on his own pretensions; and, judging from these specimens, they are of the highest order. He has recently been appointed profilist to the King and to the Queen; which honour, we trust, will be followed by the public encouragement his talent so richly deserves.

* In a memoir of Mr. Bonington which lately appeared in a monthly publication, our notice of the first of his works which was exhibited at the Gallery of the British Institution, in the year 1826, is most grossly misrepresented.

ARCHITECTURE: SIR J. SOANE.

THOUGH we cannot (and it would in a great measure be to make the novelties of the past serve for novelties of the present) report the annual lectures, *inter alia*, of the Royal Academy, we are called upon as journalists to notice the late course upon architecture, by Sir John Soane, and read by the secretary, Mr. Howard. Of these, six in number, the last was delivered on Thursday the 22d. It treated chiefly of the arch; but was more remarkable for announcing a disposition of some portion of the lecturer's great wealth in a manner interesting to this branch of our national arts. Sir J. Soane communicated his intention to open his house and museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, during his life, at particular periods of the year, to amateurs and students, and so to leave it to his grandson as to enable him to maintain the establishment in the same style. Should this heir die without male issue, the house, museum, library, &c. are to devolve to trustees for the public, with funds not only to support the same, but to allow a salary to a professor of architecture, until a national appointment of that kind shall be made. There was a little bit of sentiment and poetry at the end of this announcement; but as the thing is altogether most laudable, we shall say nothing of the stage effect. A man has but to be able to be-stow, or even be-queath, to be flattered as a demigod: without this power there are few qualities recognised in our enlightened and commercial country.

THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. VIII.

*Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.*

ON Wednesday the anniversary was numerously attended, and the treat was most gratifying; though we had to regret the absence of the President, the Duke of Sussex, in consequence of indisposition. The Marquess of Clanricarde took the chair, supported by the Duke of St. Alban's on one hand, and the Earl of Mulgrave on the other, and surrounded by many distinguished individuals, the patrons, friends, and ornaments of the drama. After the usual loyal toasts and their accompanying music, Mr. Fawcett, the treasurer, as usual, warmly expressed the gratitude of its members for the liberal support they had received, and forcibly appealed for the continuation of the same benevolence and consideration. In this address he animadverted upon the conduct of some of the junior members of the profession who have refrained from belonging to the association; and exhorted them, for the sake of others as well as for their own sakes, (whether apparently so high as never to be likely to require aid in their declining years, or so low as to suppose they could ill afford the small sacrifice necessary to entitle them to a share in the charity,) to unite with their brethren in this

important cause. Mr. F. then stated, that the managers had been enabled to invest so much capital as would enable them to give a bonus to the subscribers, during twenty-one years, to the amount of one-fourth of their several annuities, varying from the minimum of 18l. to the maximum of 80l.; and he hoped that the generosity of their kind friends would soon authorise them to extend the same augmentation to subscribers of sixteen years, and, finally, to the whole number.

The immediate business of the day being thus disposed of, the harmony and sociality of the evening commenced. Master Hughes on the harp, Braham in the full flow of song, Mathews in public rehearsal of two of his forthcoming novelties at home, Keeley, Reeve, and others in comic, and other professionals in every style of vocal effort, delighted the company to a late hour. The chair was vacated about eleven, and the subscription amounted to nearly 1000l.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S EVENING PARTIES.

As President of the Royal Society, his Royal Highness has, with great condescension and urbanity, opened his residence in Kensington Palace for the reception, on certain appointed evenings, of individuals distinguished by rank and station, or by their connexion with the literature, the arts, and the sciences of their time. The second of these meetings took place last Saturday, when a brilliant assemblage of about five hundred persons of the description alluded to, foreign and English, were gratified by the kind and courteous attentions of their royal host. Having always been of opinion that the intercourse among enlightened men, engaged in all the varieties of intellectual pursuit, which is promoted by such means, is of very high importance, we cannot but congratulate them and the country on the liberal example thus shewn by a Prince of the blood royal, at the head of one of our foremost national institutions, and well able, by his own great attainments, his comprehensive knowledge of books and men, his intimate acquaintance with the progress of philosophical improvement, as well as the refinements of the age, to appreciate the claims of others, and establish so meritorious a practice by the sanction of his authority. It is not for us, in newspaper phraseology, to catalogue the names, and proclaim the endowments of the celebrated personages who formed the majority of this company. It is enough to say of them, that it was delightful to witness the eminent of all parties and classes mingling in polite and friendly union together, and discoursing on subjects which possess an interest for every rational and well-informed mind in civilised society. There was neither Whig, nor Tory, nor Aristocrat, nor Radical, nor Reformer, nor Anti-Reformer, in the rooms: all who were there were lovers of literature and science, well-wishers to the progress of human amelioration. Cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers; peers not jealous of their order, and "liberal" commoners not thinking of innovation; physicians forgetting questions of cholera and contagion; bishops who will vote for the second reading, and whose palaces have been burnt for the first;* astronomers, including the first names in the Astronomical Society and Enrope;

* Writing in generals and plurals, we ought perhaps to explain this, by mentioning that the Bishops of London and Bristol were among the church dignitaries present. The excellent Dr. Gray, we are persuaded, regretted the destruction of his library and MSS. more than the burning of his palace.—Ed. L. G.

naturalists of similar rank in their study, with the President of the Linnean Society; members of distinction belonging to the Royal Academy, the Geographical Society, the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Geological Society, the Society of Arts, and other bodies of the same nature; besides private characters, whose labours had attracted the public regard—all were mingled in a fusion very pleasant to behold, and the effect of which, it requires but a slight notion of the slight strings which lead to great results, to prognosticate are calculated to be far more momentous than their apparent cause. An introduction, a recommendation, a hint, a word, on such an occasion, may produce much good; but were nothing produced, the mere satisfaction of bringing (all the grades between being equally amalgamated,) the ingenious mechanic, the inventor of a new power, and the illustrious inheritor of that other power of patronage, together, is a proud and laudable office. Long may His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex fill and enjoy it. He may believe us, there is no popularity to be compared with it.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

WE have elsewhere said that the sights of London were at present few; but even since the beginning of the week some new and interesting spectacles have been opened.

1. The Gallery of the New Society of Water Colours in Bond Street, where prize drawings have been visible for the last three days, and do great credit to the artists and the art. This new Institution is to the old one pretty much what the Suffolk Street Gallery is to Somerset House. Success to competition say we, in the mean time—further particulars hereafter.

2. A Collection of Ancient Pictures, chiefly illustrative of sacred history, in Exeter Hall: several of great curiosity and some of considerable value as paintings,—the whole well worth inspection.

3. Exhibition of Paintings on Glass in the Strand, executed by G. Hoadley and A. Oldfield. Harlow's Trial of Queen Katherine, Martin's Belshazzar's Feast, and Joshua, and other smaller works, are the subjects. Martin's appear to most advantage in this style.

4. The Fleas in Regent Street. To be seen by all means; as such insects were never seen before either as draught horses, or cavalry, or intellectual beings.

MUSIC.

LENT CONCERTS: DRURY LANE.

THE bill of fare for Friday the 23d contained so many musical gems, that we scarcely know how to quarrel with its miscellaneous character. The performance commenced with Spontini's beautiful overture to *Olympia*, which was played with much spirit. Then followed the chorus "Rex tremenda," and the quartet "Benedictus," from Mozart's Requiem. The "Rex tremenda" was unfortunately rendered totally ineffective by the weakness of the vocal part. This sublime chorus requires a host of voices to give it the true effect; how, then, could any thing adequate be expected from the scanty numbers at Drury Lane? The "Benedictus" was well sung; and the short chorus, "Hosanna," which follows it, was tolerably efficient. The duet for two bass voices, from a Te Deum by Knecht, is good, and had justice done to it by Mr. Phillips and Mr. E. Seguin; but it is not likely to prove generally attractive. In an offertory piece by Eybler, Mrs. Bishop was so

overcome by nervous trepidation at the commencement of the first solo, that she suddenly stopped; and notwithstanding the good-natured sympathy of the audience, who, much to their honour, did their utmost to encourage her, she was unable to rally her spirits, and therefore retired. Mrs. Wood immediately took up the solos, and sang them so well as to deserve the unanimous applause which followed. Mrs. Bishop afterwards returned, and sang the rest of the music allotted to her, in which she acquitted herself satisfactorily. In the Christmas Hymn, "Adeste Fideles," harmonised by Novello, the effect of the third verse, commencing "Cantet nuncia," which is beautifully set as a trio, was spoiled, by Mr. Robinson being nearly inaudible in the counter-tenor part. Mrs. Wood's execution of "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," deserved a better flute accompaniment than it obtained in the performance of a Mr. somebody (we always forget names on such occasions), whose tone and intonation were as unequivocally bad as the reception he met with from the audience. The scene from Israel in Egypt was among the most meritorious of the evening's performances. In "The horse and his rider" the chorus-singers did wonders, considering the smallness of their numbers. Mrs. Wood somewhat overstrained her voice in the first solo, "Sing ye to the Lord," &c.; and in the second, "The horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea," she completely destroyed the tone by her vehement efforts to be powerful. It is strange that a singer of her attainments should commit such a mistake. Her voice would always be effective if she would abstain from the extreme violence of manner she sometimes employs, and which she appears to mistake for energetic expression. Two new productions—one a hunting song by Neukomm, sung by Braham (are not hunting songs a little out of date?)—the other of the convivial sort, sung by Phillips—were both good enough in their way, yet are not likely, we think, to displace any old-established favourites. The entertainment was, as usual, protracted to an enormous length, and the audience, in consequence, more wearied than pleased towards its conclusion.

The selection of music for Wednesday evening, though it did not exhibit much of novelty, shewed more judgment in the arrangement than we have seen of late; and attracted a more numerous assembly than some of the previous performances. We must repeat that the chorus-singers are not sufficiently numerous: in Rossini's concerted pieces they are quite overwhelmed by the instruments; and when divided into Jews and Philistines, in Handel's fine double chorus, "Fixed in his everlasting seat," the effect verges on the ridiculous. A new offertorium of Mr. C. E. Clifton's was the only piece sung by Mr. Phillips, the remaining bass airs being allotted to Mr. Seguin, whose voice, fine as it is, compensates but poorly for the pure style and execution of the former gentleman. "Infelice ch'io sono," and the aria "Il mio cor," were well sung by Mrs. Bishop. Mr. Hill's new anthem, "O praise the Lord," is a clever composition, but had not been sufficiently rehearsed. "O Absalom!" by Braham, and "Ye sacred priests," and "Farewell, ye limpid streams," by Mrs. Wood, were exquisite. Miss Pearson is unequal to the labour imposed on her: she was engaged in no fewer than *ten* songs, glees, &c., which is too much both for the audience and herself: her singing "We met," *unaccompanied*, after the "Savourneen delish" of Mrs. Wood, was, to say the least of it, very injudicious. A fine

glee of Cooke's was nearly brought to an unexpected close by the inattention of Mr. Robinson. Between the first and second parts, Mr. Distin, of his late majesty's band, played the voice part of "The Soldier tired," on the trumpet: his performance of this very difficult undertaking was admirable both in tone and execution.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE say nothing of the new Donna, though rather a stout gentlewoman. *La Vestale*, though not very animated, has not discredited this theatre, which, after all that has been said against it, has not deserved so much anti-Easter censure as it has received. The novelties announced for to-night are most spirited and liberal.

DRURY LANE.

WE said mighty little about *Der Alchymist* last week, and we need say less this. It was a mistake, and its hatchment is now up. We had begun to apprehend, from there being no announcement in the bills over Thursday, that this theatre was about to close; but we since see that it is not only patent, but that there is to be a novelty on Thursday, in opposition to the *Hunchback* at Covent Garden! We are impartial to both houses; but this is of the kind of competition which we have always deprecated as ruinous to the interests of both. We firmly believe that if one of our "great national theatres" engaged the Fleas (now exhibiting) to act in some bloody tragedy, the other would not rest unless it could bring out at the same time a rival company of Lice (this should be at the Lyceum, by the by,) to compete for the laurel. There must be a change.

ADELPHI.

THERE were two new pieces produced on Monday night, and acted since, except on the lenten days, when Yates himself furnishes no lenten amusement. The first, entitled *Nina*, or *the Bride of the Galley Slave*, is by Mr. Fitzball, and rather of the lachrymose class. In spite of the talent with which it is acted, we cannot say that we should ourselves be tempted to desire its repetition for our own particular entertainment. It belongs to a school which, if not skilfully wrought into excellence, is miserable: in it there is no medium, no respect for respectability. The feelings of the audience must be touched, wrought up, and their sympathies borne away, or the attempt at homely pathos is a failure. The second drama, by Mr. Beazley, is a parody on *Robert the Devil*—to which he was, at least, an accessory at Drury Lane—and called the *Printer's Devil*, or a *Type of the Old One*. In this, Reeve, as Bob, a tailor's idle apprentice, is the *Robert*; and his tempter, O. Smith, an anomalous printer's imp, the leading, or rather misleading character. Peg, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, a tanner's daughter of Bermondsey, is the heroine; and Jerry, Mr. Buckstone, a diligent and comical contrast to his brother 'prentice in the tailoring line. The burlesque is extremely clever—too clever almost for a mixed audience, where the really good jest is apt to sleep on the ear of the many. A broader humour would have created louder bursts of laughter; but in the *Printer's Devil*, amid some conceits and jests of no great novelty, there is an abundance of drollery and wit, of excellent pun and fanciful playfulness, which we really admire too much to be able to laugh at. As the town gets better acquainted with

it, we may anticipate that it will rise in popularity. And what is more, we think it will amuse in print as much as it can in acting; a test which few, if any, recent dramatic productions can abide.

FRENCH PLAYS.

M. LAPORTE has commenced the season with, though not a perfect troop, a company in which there is very considerable talent. His own exertions are a tower in the comic line; and several of the pieces are performed in the most pleasing and satisfactory style. As the work goes on, we shall give more attention to the productions and actors brought forward.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

King's Theatre, March 24.—First night of *La Vestale*. My friend the scene-shifter's *intinabulum* was again the awful and supernatural signal for the descent of a flame which should ignite the vestal's veil on the altar, but on this occasion only knocked it off the altar on to the stage. Never was a clumsier junction than that of the opera and final divertissement, which it was pretended did, and which indeed should, if properly done, pertain to it. Meric having uttered her last sweet scream, the whole of the principal *dramatis personæ* quietly walked off the stage, without even the proper finale, and a sudden silence ensued. At last, the prompter's head, *et praterea nihil*, twisted round from its ordinary direction, appeared looking at Spagoletti over the top of its box—a most absurd, though not unfrequent effect, which always looks exactly as though, as Power said, "some gentleman had dropped his face!"—*caput loquitur*, and vanisheth; the orchestra perform a symphony, expressive of the near entrance of dancers; the symphony finisheth, and—no dancers enter! A yet drearer silence ensues. What resource was left to the audience but to amuse themselves, and fill up the hiatus by first reading and re-reading the S.P.O.R. on the standards, (for on not one of them had the O the slightest appearance of a *queue*), and then most vigorously hissing their bearers, and certain chorus-singers of either sex, who, as pertinaciously as unmeaningly, remained at the sides of the stage throughout the divertissement. The hissing was gradually waning, when the entrance of two solitary dancers elicited it in compound ratio. The orchestra struck up—they proceeded to attitudinise, and Mademoiselle Varin soon stood so very long upon one toe, that she succeeded not only in banishing ill-humour, but exciting loud testimonies of its exact reverse. The only advantage I could see in joining (if I must use the word) the divertissement to the opera, is, that the prompter's box remains on the stage, and obscures all the best part of the dancing.

Adelphi, March 26.—First night of *Nina* and *The Printer's Devil*. *Nina* should exclaim, on her lover kneeling to her, "Nay, kneel not to me!" Mrs. Yates, determined not to omit a word of her part, on account of the forgetfulness of her wooer, gave him the following puzzling order, the first part of it I confess *sotto voce*, "Kneel! kneel! (he kneels) Nay, kneel not to me!" In a subsequent scene, she should, to manifest her love for it, have set her bird free from its cage, but its flying machinery not being in proper order, she was e'en content to toss it, cage and all, off at a side scene. An actor who suffers from ignorance of where the curtain will fall, deserves not pity; and accordingly the audience only laughed when the curtain, falling at the end of *The Forgery*, changed Mr. Hemmings's pic-

turesque kneeling attitude into a flat-sprawling one! Reeve, in seizing O. Smith's tail, in *The Printer's Devil*, mistaking its rubicund end for a pocket-book, which he wishes to twitch from his pocket, pulled the tail fairly off! and its lawful owner had considerable difficulty in re-attaching it *en arriere*; he therefore took occasion, in the midst of his endeavour, thus to answer the following query of Reeve, who was drinking spirits: "Pray do you retail spirits?" "Retail spirits? I wish I could re-tail myself!"

VARIETIES.

Mr. Adams's Lectures on Astronomy.—We are much gratified by Mr. Adams continuing his very excellent lectures on that most sublime of all sciences, astronomy, at the King's Theatre; and are pleased to see the growing good taste of the public, evidenced by the increasing numbers which attend this most intellectual and instructive of all amusements. The repeated plaudits of the auditory must have been highly gratifying to the lecturer; and we would strongly recommend to our friends a visit to the King's Concert-Room some Wednesday during Lent.

Earthquake at Venice.—On the 13th, an earthquake, composed of two shocks, of a considerable degree of violence, was experienced at Venice: it threw down furniture, and opened doors. The recent frequency of these phenomena in various parts of the world is remarkable.

St. Simonians.—The expenses of the St. Simonians for the month of February were nearly 140,000 francs. Among them we observe a sum of 500 francs for the expense of a mission to England.

Muzio Clementi.—The funeral of this celebrated composer, who died at the age of 80, on the 10th, in the country, took place on Thursday in Westminster. It was attended by many musical friends, and by the carriages of nobility and gentry.

The Lady Chapel.—Great preparations have been making for producing the dinner in honour of this cause to-day with great *éclat*. The music is all to be of the Elizabethan period.

Covent Garden Theatre is to be let. George Robins has his magic hammer over it; and Laporte, Price, and others, are looking up in trepidation and hope from below.

The Picnic Palace.—We observe, from the report of parliamentary debates, that Colonel Sir F. French has again vainly attempted to arrest the progress of this scandalous and wasteful job, and, if possible, to convert what has been done at so much cost to beneficial purposes. Various influences tended to defeat his motion; and though the building can never be fit for a royal residence, it seems that more tens of thousands must be expended upon it, with the hope of its being applied to a National Gallery, a receptacle for records, or any use whatever. Colonel French deserves the public thanks for his exertions in this cause.

A proper Spirit.—"Sir," said one of two antagonists with great dignity to the other, during a dispute which had not been confined to words,—"you have called me a scoundrel and a liar, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice: I hope you will not carry this any farther; for if you do, you will rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, and I cannot tell what may be the consequences."

Our toothache jests last week have led to the following:

A countryman went to a celebrated dentist

for relief, and never having encountered so formidable a business before, he stood up and opened his noble country mouth as wide as a mill-door. The operator eyed him as if afraid of being swallowed alive, and said, "We always stand outside, Sir!"

An attorney, the law failing, having turned dentist, thus worded the bill of his first job:

To looking at your case 6 d.
To filing your teeth, and office copy 13 4

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIII. March 31, 1832.]

The Toilette of Health, Beauty, and Fashion, embracing the Economy of the Hair, Teeth, &c.

Mélange in French and English, in Prose and Verse, by Marin de la Voye.

The City of Tombs, an Egyptian Tale, and other Poems, by Peter Agar, Trin. Col. Oxford.

From the American edition, an Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children, and to others under Affliction; together with Selections from Wardlaw, Dr. Balfour, Dr. Barnes, &c.

The City of Mulgrave, we understand, is about to give us a tale of high life, entitled, the Contrast, a New Story of Nature and Art.

The Author of "Granby" has also forthcoming a new novel called Arlington.

Familiar and Practical Advice to Executors and Administrators, and Persons wishing to make their Wills, &c., by A. J. Powell.

Wylid's New School Atlas of Modern Geography.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXIX. Spain and Portugal, 3 vols. Vol. I. 6s. bds.—Bouchette's Topographical Dictionary of Canada, 4to. 11. 8s. bds.; British Dominions in North America, 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 16s. bds.—Further Strictures on Napier's Peninsular War, 8vo. 3s. bds.—King on

Lithotripsy and Lithotomy, 8vo. 10s. cloth.—Wimberley's Death-Summons, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Bird's Achmet's Feast, and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Greenhow on Cholera, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Second Series, 3 vols. 18mo. 15s. bds.—Latrobe's Pedestrian, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Jenour's Treatise on Languages, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Davies's Exercises on the Analysis of Xenophon, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Dr. Townsend's Chart of the Stethoscope, fcp. 3s. cloth.—Gell's Pompeiana, Second Series, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 6l. 6s. bds.; Imperial 8vo. 7l. 10s.; demy 4to. 10l. 16s.; proofs and etchings, 18l. 18s.—Coleman on the Mythology of the Hindus, 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering, by L. E. L., 9s. bd.—Something New, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Rodolph, a Dramatic Fragment, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXVIII. Plutarch, Vol. VI. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Phillips's Million of Facts, 8vo. 8s. cloth.—Landers's Journal, forming Vol. XXVIII. XXXI.

XXX. of the Family Library, 18mo. 15s. cloth.—Christian Experience, by the Author of "Christian Retirement," 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Lay Testimony to the Truth of the Sacred Records, fcp. 5s. 6d. cloth.—Sacra Poësis, by M. F. D., royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Mission in South Africa, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Rev. Henry Brougham's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Dickson on Cholera, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Edinburgh Academy Latin Delectus, with a Vocabulary, 12mo. 3s. sheep.—Tales of the Early Ages, by the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Hume and Smollett's History of England, 1 vol. imperial 8vo. 1l. 5s. cloth.—History Philosophically Illustrated, by Dr. Miller, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 2s. bds.—Arnold's Brief Outline of the Government of India, 4to. 12s. sewed.—Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, written by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Stanley Buxton, by John Galt, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, No. III. 1s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN spite of the efforts to which we have alluded in a preceding page, and of our general wish not to continue the notice of new works from one quarter into another, we are this day induced, by our opinion of the five novelties in our Review department, to ask leave to sit again on the several publications, the notice of which would otherwise have been finished on the 31st of March.

We fear that were we to publish Charlotte's Delusions of Hope, we should only be adding one more to the number.

To H. B. of Winchester. The stamp or seal just found on diggers near the north wall of your city, of pale brass, and the thickness of an old penny-piece, is a curious relic. From the impression and very neat drawing sent to us, we ascertain that it is one of the seals employed to mark payment of the tax or duty on woollen cloths. The legend is "S. (i. e. sigillum) subsidium pauperum South." With a contraction, indicating the port of Southampton; so that it can readily be imagined how such a stamp might be found at Winchester, a place so near to that where in early times the trade was carried on to a considerable extent. There is no date—but the stamp might last from Edward I. to Henry VI., or belong to any intermediate period. Whose head the king's is, we do not know; but the feathers on each side confirm what we have stated.

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Council Room, 10th March, 1852.

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